The Rose Garden Husband

The Odd Romance of a Marriage That Preceded a Courtship

By Margaret Widdemer

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CHAPTER 1.

HE Liberry Teacher lifted her eyes from a half-made nathingue eard, eyed the relentiessly slow clock and checked a long wriggie of purest, frankest weariness. Then she gave a furtive glance around to see if the children had noticed she was off guard; for if they knew the whole crowd might take more libertles than they to, and have to be spoken to by the junitor. He could do a great deal with them, because he understood their attitude to life, but that wasn't good for the Liberry Teacher's record.

It was 6 o'clock of a stickily wet Haturday. As long as it is anything from Monday to Friday the average library attendant goes around thanking her stars she isn't a school teacher; but the last day of the week, when the rest of the world is having its relaxing Saturday off and roming to gloat over you as it acquires its Bunday-reading best soller, if you work in library you begin just at noon to wish devoutly that you'd taken up scrubbing by the day, or back driving, or porch climbing or unything on earth

fairy tale.

that gave you a weekly half holiday! So the Liberry Teacher braced her- back the way it should, remembered self severely, and put on her reading glasses with a view to looking older and more firm. "Liberry Teacher," it might be well to explain, was not her rediantly complexible. Her description on the pay roll ran "Asistant for the Children's Department, Greenway Branch, pression and heavy of most, with a car and a placid expression and heavy of most, with a car and a placid expression and heavy of most, with a car and a placid expression and heavy of most, with a car and a placid expression and heavy of most. dren's Department, Greenway Branch, pression and heaps of money, and City Public Library." Grown-up pretty, clean children! The Liberry people, when she happened to run weather-draggied, priced herself away from the small greenish cleak waite. But "Liberry Teacher" was the foom mirror that was unkind to you only name the children ever used, and she saw scarcely anybody but the harried by her usual punicatricsen children, six days a week, fifty-one twenty minutes late feeling. She had

weeks a year. As for her real name, that nobody ever called her by, that the wiggly mirror, but that one had been enough for her peace of mind, supposing her to have had any left a name as that buried out of sight. She had a sense of fitness, and such like the wicked queen in the French fairy tale. England parsonage garden full of pink roses and nice green caterpillars and girl-dreams, and the days before she was eighteen; not in a smutty city hibrary, attached to a twenty-fiveshe was eighteen; not in a smutty city back time when seventeen-year-old library, attached to a twenty-five-Phyllis was "growin" up as pretty as year-old young woman with reading a picture," the tired, twenty-five-glasses and fine discipline and a year-old, workaday face in the green glass was dreadful. What made her feel worst—and she entertained the thought with a whimsical conscious-

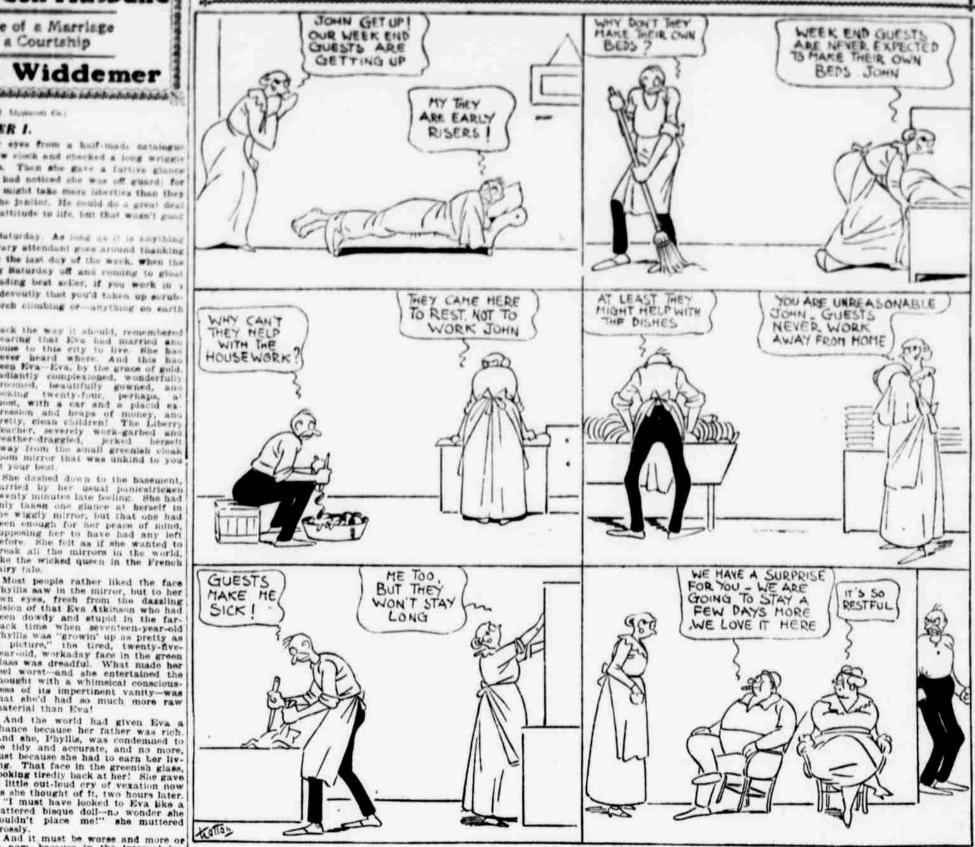
It wasn't that the Liberry Teacher thought with a whimsical conscious-didn't like her position. She not only ness of its impertinent vanity—was that it, but she had a great deal of that she'd had so much more raw admiration for it, because it had been material than Eva! admiration for it, because it had been exceedingly hard to get. She had chance because her father was rich. Hefore that she had been in the be tidy and accurate, and no more. Before that she had been in the cataloguing, where your eyes hurt and you get a little pain between your shoulders, but you sit down and can talk to other girls; and bears that in the Circulation, where that in the Circulation, where the thirty your feet and you get ink on the couldn't place me!" she muttered crossly. your fingers, but you see lots of crossly. funny things happening. She had

And the charm that the control of th

The Day of Rest

APPENDED.

By Maurice Ketten



that the charge want of the perty one carried her as "the pretty one that any the specify her as "the pretty one that any the specify her as "the pretty one that any the specify her as "the pretty on that any the specify her as "the pretty on that any the specify her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any that the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any the pretty on the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that any the pretty on the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on that the pretty on the charge when they reached her as "the pretty on the charge when the reached her as "the pretty on the charge when the reached her as "the pretty on the charge when the reached her as "the pretty on the charge when the reached her as "the pretty on the charge when the reached her as "the pretty on the charge when the reached her as "the pretty on the charge when the reached her as "the pretty on the the pretty on the prett

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD RAW GOLD By Bertrand W. Sinclair

library, whose office f belowe to be in this branch, is one of my oldest freeds. I am, I think I may say, well known as a lawyer in this say matter city. I should be gird to have an in the shrury. And ch, however, it will be to have a dinner that you eather you cattery pourself personnily on these points, because — could it to that the eminently person Mr. De Guercher was embarranced? "the case the time of work which I wish, or rather my wife wishes, to lay be fore you be is a wey different line of work it ended the aid gentleman in conditistively. There was no miretake ghout it this immediate was emberranced.

"Oh, Mr. In Guenther!" cried Physics before one thought, out of the rained that far at the end of the pulses of her heart, catching his arm in her eaguriess. "Oh, Mr. De Guenther, could the very different line of work have a have a rose garden exactly like a patchwark in the of work have a have a rose garden exactly like a patchwark in of work have a have a rose garden exactly like a patchwark in the of work have a have a rose garden exactly like a patchwark in of work have a have a rose garden exactly like a patchwark in of work have a have a rose garden exactly like a patchwark in the fine of work have a have a rose garden exactly like a patchwark in the continuity fine of work have a have a rose garden exactly like a patchwark in the first of the work in the continuity fine and the continuity of the continuity in the work in the continuity in the work in the continuity in

Before she was fairly finished she knew what a silly question she had asked. How could any line of work she was qualified to do possibly have rose gardens attached to it? You pied, generally did, but this was can't catalogue roses on heat cards, or improve their minds by the Newark Ladder System, or do anything at all librarious to them, except pressing them in books to munimify, and the Liberry Teacher didn't think that was at all a courious thing to do to rose. So Mr. De Gnonther's reply quite surprised her.

world had a light-hearted holiday feeling. Her sus days, gloriously unoccupied.

all librarious to them, except pressing them in books to munimify, and the most unselfishly retired down the gutters. The sun abone as if May had come, and the wind, through the Liberry Teacher's window, had Before she was fairly finished she

That was all the explanation he of-

fored. But the Liberry Teacher asked no more. "Oh!" she said rapturously. fored. But the Liberry Teacher asked no more. "Oh!" she said rapturously. "Then we may expect you to-morrow at 7?" he said; and smiled politicly and moved to the door. He walked out as matter-of-coursely as if he had dropped in to ask the meaning of "circumflex," or who invented smallpox, or the name of Adam's house cat, or how long it would take her to do a graduation essay for his daughter-or any such little things thought, than she had yesterthat librarians are prepared for most

days.

And instead—his neat gray elderly back seemed to deny it—he had left with her, the Liberry Teacher, her, dusty, tousied, shopworn Phyllis Braithwaite, an invitation to consider a Line of Work which was so mysteriously Different that she had to look up the spotless De Guenther reputation before she camel.

One lesse track of lime sharing at a

One loses track of time, staring at a red George Washington poster, and wondering about a future with a sud-den Different Line in it. • • It den Different Line in it.
was ten minutes past putting-outchildren time! She stared aghast at
the ruthless clock, then created two
Monitors for Putting Out at one royal She managed the nightly eviction with such gay expedition that it almost felt like ten minutes ago when the place, except for the pride-swollen monitors, was cleared. While these officers watched the commonalty

world had a light-hearted.

berry Teacher's window, had a prised her.

"There seems to be no good reason," he said, slowly and placidly, as if he were dropping his words one by one out of a stot—"why there should not be a very satisfactory rose to church, and prepared for a joyful dash to the boarding house washtab.

There might be who knew but there There might be-who knew but there actually might be on this day of days,

enough hot water for a real bath! that librarians are prepared for most day. She grinned broadly at Phyllis. leaning smilingly against the door in her kimono.

"Ah dunno, Miss Braithways," she said, and entered the room and took a pillow case corner in her mouth. "Ab never has dem premeditations!"

Phyllis laughed frankly, and Maggie, much flattered at the happy reception of her reply, grinned so widely that you might almost have tied her mouth behind her ears.

"You sure is a cheerful person Miss Braithways!" said Maggie, and went on making the bed.

Phyllis fied on down the hall, laughing still. She had just remembered another of old Maggie's compliments. made on one of the rare occasions when Phyilis had sat down and sung to the boarding house plane. (She hadn't been able to do it long, because the Mental Science Lady on the next floor had sent down word that it stopped her from concentrating, and as she had a very expensive room there was nothing for the landlady to do but make Phyllis stop.; Phyllis had come out in the hall to find old Maggie listening rapturously.

"Oh, Miss Braithways!" she had murmured, rolling her eyes, "you certainly does equalize a martingale!" It had been a compliment Phylis never forgot. She smiled to herself as she found the bathroom door open. Why, the world was full of a number of things, many of them funny. Being a Liberry Teacher was rather nice after all, when you were fresh from a